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VOL. V.

A Family Paper

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1903.

One dollar a year.

NO. 22

TAKE NOTICE.
Winter Term begins Wednesday, December 16.

The College holds Thanksgiving service in the Tabernacle at 10 a. m.,—preaching followed by praise meeting—and invites everybody to attend and participate. Let everyone who is not ungrateful be there.

The Men's Industrial Building will be opened by public exercises Friday night, Dec. 4, and Saturday morning. All are invited to attend these exercises, and look at this immense building and its fine outfit of machinery.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

The United States battleship Maine arrived at Colon, Isthmus of Panama, also the U. S. cruiser, Mayflower.

King Christian, Deumurk, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his accession to the throne on Saturday.

The third annual report of Governor Hunt, of Porto Rico, gives a very encouraging account of the progress of the Island.

Armenians in Pittsburgh have been advised of the massacre in Asia Minor of two bands of Armenians by Turkish soldiers.

The United States Minister to Liberia has reported to Secretary Hay that twenty out of fifty-six negroes who came to Liberia are dead, and the rest are dependent on charity.

The United States is seeking to have the port of Wiju, Korea, opened, and a warship with Minister Allen on board is about ready to leave Yokohama for Wiju on that mission.

Heavy fighting is in progress at San Domingo. The insurgents are attacking the city from three sides. The cruiser Baltimore has arrived to protect American interests.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Christian Scientists dedicated their million-dollar temple at Boston, Sunday.

Rollin C. Parvin, of Evansville, Ind., has sold a silver dollar of the 1804 mintage to H. G. Brown, of Portland, Ore., for \$2,000.

President Roosevelt has sent the appointment of Leonard B. Wood to be Major General of the Army to the Senate for ratification.

Three firemen were killed, three others badly injured, and property worth many thousands of dollars destroyed by fire, at Cleveland.

Special Treasury agents say the Government has been mulcted in the sum of \$200,000 by the collusion of appraiser's employes at Boston.

M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, the duly accredited Minister of Panama to the United States, was officially received by the President last Friday.

Many petitions have been received by the Senate from every part of the country, asking that Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, be expelled from the Senate, because he is an apostle of the Mormon Church.

The appointment of the negro, Dr. W. D. Crum, to be collector of the port at Charleston, S. C., comes to the Senate for the third time. Twice it was not acted upon, and Dr. Crum entered upon his duties while Congress was not in session, by the power vested in the President to make appointments during the recess of Congress.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

Portland cement plant to cost \$500,000 will be located near Louisville within a short time.

Frank Senior, a prominent young druggist, of Newcastle, Ky., died suddenly Monday morning of heart failure.

The bodies of John Reynolds, Martin Cannon, and John Leach were recovered from the L. & N. wreck at New Hope, Ky., Friday morning. Three others were killed.

On Friday last Gov. Beckham issued the Thanksgiving Day proclamation, appointing Thursday, Nov. 26, 1903, as a day of thanksgiving and rest throughout the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

Over one hundred pulpits in Kentucky and Ohio, around Cincinnati, were occupied Sunday by women delegates to the thirtieth national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, now in session in that city.

John D. White, D. C. Edwards, and Dr. W. Godfrey Hunter are each claiming the election to Congress from the Eleventh District, and it will require the official count to decide it, though nearly complete unofficial returns would indicate Hunter's election by a small plurality.



J. Bull: "Don't you see, Joseph, we can't get along without him?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PERSEVERANCE

By Henry Allen Laine

Streamed golden rays from a cloudless sky,
While gentle zephyrs floated by.
When the curious crowds from Palos, Spain,
Stood crowding the wharf of the trackless main
To bid God-speed to the seameu brave,
Who dared to cross the unknown wave
Of broad Atlantic's heaving breast,
In search of land in the unknown West,
With a firm belief that the earth was round,
While critics declared his mind unsound.
By works Columbus proved his faith:
His order was, "Sail on!"
Each sailor stepping to his place,
With a smile of adventure on each face,
The admiral waved adieu his hand
To the cheering crowd on the sunny strand,
The ships glide slowly from the land,
Each graceful as a swan!
On, on they sail. The landscape grew
More indistinct. At last from view,
Rocks, hills, and mountains fade. Men who
Knew not of fear before
Were seized with terror wild and strange:
"What if this wind should never change,
Blow westward evermore?"
Then horrid monsters from the sea
Rose up in feverish fantasy,
And tortured them to mutiny.
The sluggish waters thicker grew;
The compass points no longer true;
Hope now seemed all but gone.
Imploring their commander, they
Beg to return. He answers, nay!
Some storm and rave, while others pray,
His order still, "Sail on!"
From the path of duty he did not swerve;
Through kindness, tact and steady nerve,
He held each sailor to his place,
While to the West still kept his face!
At last the booming signal gun
Announces land. And all hands
Rush to the deck. And O, the scene!
The landscape clothed in living green,
Where birds in brilliant plumage sing,
Rejoicing in eternal spring!
Thus with a steady aim in view,
With faith and courage to carry it through,
Columbus the course of the blazing sun,
Still followed on, till the prize he won,
Nor faltered, nor wavered, till his flag unfurled,
Mid the splendid scenes of the great New World!

O, thou, embarked on Life's broad sea
For the port of "unknown destiny":
Learn from this story briefly told,
Of the Spanish admiral of old;
He who would win must persevere.
Cast off thy doubt, thy faltering fear;
'Tis the day of deeds. The man of vim,
Truth, faith, and industry, on him
Good fortune smiles. But the slugard who
Depends on chance to pull him through,
Ne'er gains the topmost round of fame,
Nor among Earth's greatest enrolls his name!
Push out, O man, from Life's barren shore!
Push out! though muttering thunders roar.
"Sail on!" tho' angry billows roll,
And terror strike to the timid soul!
Place that Good Pilot at the wheel.
He knows thy bark from mast to keel.
He'll guide thee o'er the hidden rock,
And keep thee safe 'mid storm and shock!
Stand fast, and "show thyself a man!"
Upright, with courage, power and skill.
Above thy head hangs honor's crown,
Thou canst obtain it if you will.

Get Your
Money's
Worth

Lackey & Hamilton
WANT YOUR PATRONAGE

Get Your
Money's
Worth

But not unless they deserve it. If there are worthier goods to be found elsewhere; if prices asked by others are lower than ours, quality considered, it is your privilege to profit by them, but facts prove that such is not the case.

We add something new each day in every line of merchandise we carry, and by keeping constantly in close touch with the large wholesale houses and factories we are enabled to secure the latest and best values at the lowest possible prices.

Our Dress Goods' Dept.

Is now complete, filled with the Newest Things in Black Goods and Novelties.

See our line of Fancy

Velvet and Wash Waistings.

They are beauties. Selling from 25cts. to \$1.00 per yard.

Be sure to examine our line of

Cloaks and Furs

Before making your selection. The Style, Quality, and Price will please you.

Yours to please, LACKEY & HAMILTON, Richmond, Ky.

Highest Quality.

Ladies' Misses, and Children's Shoes, Men's and Boys' Boots and Shoes, Ladies and Men's Rubber Goods.

We have just added to our fall stock some very nobly suits for men and boys at prices that cause you to wonder how we do it.

Overcoats for men, Overcoats for youths,
Overcoats for boys.

Make your own price and we have a coat to fit you—the best for the money.

FRESH BALTIMORE OYSTERS
in Bulk or in Cans.CELERY, CRANBERRIES, ETC.
Always on hand at

TELEPHONE JOE'S No. 68.

Joe's Corner, Richmond, Ky.

Our Millinery Stock

Includes the largest variety
of the season's newest and
best styles in

Ladies' Misses' and
Children's Headgear

now shown in Berea. No
matter what price you wish
to pay, we can please you.

Our long experience in-
sures a well selected stock to
choose from.

Mrs. A. T. Fish,
BEREA, KY.

A MAN

to be well dressed must select his col-
lars, cuffs, neckwear, shirts, hose, under-
wear, hats, and

MEN'S
FURNISHINGS

in general with great care. Select
them from our stock and you will make
no mistake. We see to it that our
store contains nothing but what is up-
to-date and in good taste.

NEW FALL GOODS

arriving daily. We sell Douglas
Shoes for men and boys and Queen
Quality shoes for women.

Rice & Arnold,
Richmond, Ky.



AN OUTFIT

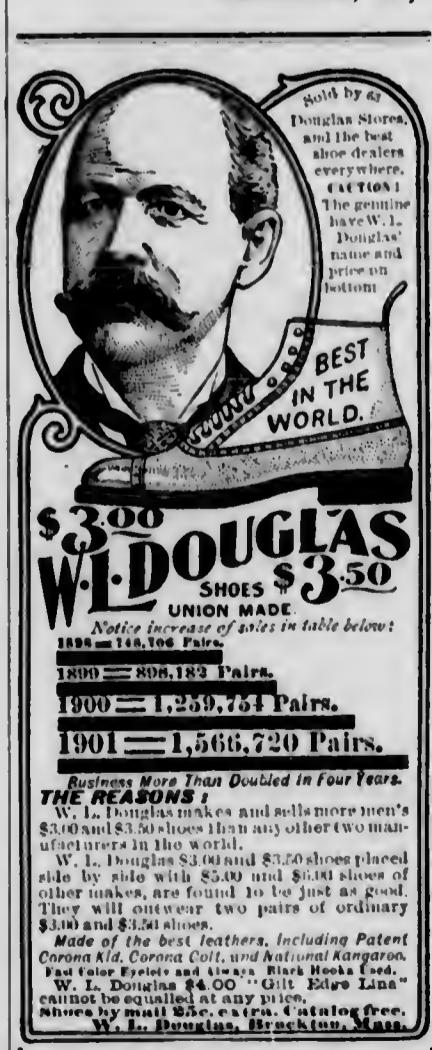
of eyeglasses or spectacles is not ex-
pensive, but the good it will do is in-
calculable.

Better pay the cost of a perfect out-
fit and get perfect satisfaction than
try to save money by purchasing
cheap glasses. They are never satis-
factory.

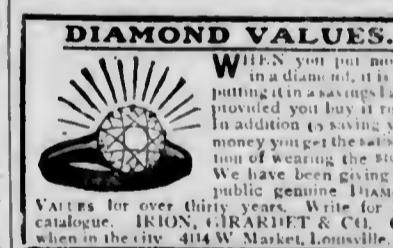
We have modern high class instru-
ments for

TESTING THE EYES
and can obtain accurate data which
enables us to fit

EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES
that are suitable in every way.



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R. R. COYLE, Berea



WHEN you buy a diamond in a diamond, it is like
putting it in a savings bank,
provided you buy it right.
In addition to saving your
money, you get the satisfac-
tion of keeping the stone
you have been giving the
public genuine DIAMOND
VALUES for over thirty years. Write for free
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when in the city. 404 W. Market, Louisville, Ky.

East End Barber Shop

North of Printing Office

Shave 10c; Hair Cut 15c

Shampoo 15c

Razors sharpened 15c to 25c

R. B. DOE, Proprietor

Laughlin
Fountain
Pen

IS THE PEER OF ALL
PENS AND HAS NO
EQUAL ANYWHERE.

FINEST GRADE 14K.
GOLD PEN

YOUR CHOICE OF THESE
TWO POPULAR STYLES FOR
ONLY

\$1.00
SUPERIOR TO OTHER
MAKES AT \$3

The Laughlin Fountain Pen is made of fine
quality hard rubber, is
fitted with highest grade
gold and silver, and
is a desireable fountain
pen. It has the only perfect
feeding device known.
Either style, rich gold
or monogram, is suitable
for all purposes, \$1.00 extra.
Surely you will no be
able to secure anything at
three times the price that will
give such continuous
pleasure and service.

For Sale by
East End Drug
Company
Main Street, Berea, Ky.

THE CITIZEN.

JAMES M. RACER, Publisher.

BEREA, KENTUCKY.

WHEN THE CROPS ARE IN.

There's a kind of happy feelin' creeps down in a fellow when He's got his punkins gathered and the haymow's full again; There's hope in all the breezes that come blowin' from the hill; And you go to kind of thinkin'! God is up there somewhere still. What a purty sight the wheat is as it's piled up to the bin? Oh, it's good to be a farmer when the crops are in!

It's lively in the city, and it's very quiet here; There the hurry and the racket keep a-goin' all the year; There most every day's excitin', and they keep it up at night; Every way a person gazes there is some uncommon sight. And I s'pose it's never lonesome livin' 'round the haunts of sin; But the city people never have their crops all in.

There's many a day of lettin', and there's many an ache and pain, And there's lots and lots of lettin' at the dryness or the rain. There's the weeds and worms and insects that the farmer has to fight. But the good Lord doesn't often fail to pull 'em through all right; And the sweetest satisfaction that a mortal man can win sort of bovens 'round the farmer when the crops are in.

—Frank H. Sweet, in *Farm Journal*.

A KNIGHT OF THE HIGHWAY

By CLINTON SCOLLARD.
Author of "A Man at Arms," "The Son of a Tory," etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

After his plunge out of the bushes Rossiter hurried up the field, crossed into the upper orchard, and made his way to the sleeping quarters of the men. What he had just seen and heard had suddenly dissolved the resolution and purpose that had been daily taking firmer and more definite shape since he left the freight-train that night at Ilion. Life never would, never could, hold ought for him. What he had recently experienced proved this but too plainly. He was a fool to think that he could ever be anything but a vagabond. He would take the road again. Hastily he put his few belongings together and strode to the door. There he paused. Should he leave without a word to any one? The love in his heart flooded over him like a great wave as his mind reverted to Miss Densmore. No, he would somehow contrive to send a good-bye to her. It was a crowning piece of folly, perhaps, doubtless, for it would mean nothing to her, but he would indulge in it nevertheless. It would be his final tribute on the now shattered altar of hope—the shrine which he had so unwittingly reared.

He remembered to have seen Joe Beckett that morning slip a small pencil into a vest hanging upon a chair near his cot. The garment was still there. He took out his brother's letter, tore off at the crease a little strip upon which there was no writing, and in the dim light traced his words of adieu. He then replaced the pencil, thrust the folded message into his pocket, and rending in scraps the remainder of the letter, scattered the fragments upon the grass as he stepped from the door.

"There's an end of that!" he said.

In the hop-kim, by dull lantern light, some of the pickers were having a last impromptu merry-making to the wheezy music of a mouth-organ played by one of their number. Among the dancers was Joe Beckett. It had been Rossiter's intention to bid him good-bye, but he saw that he could not do so without encountering many others, so with a consciousness of real regret he turned away. As he came to the end of the barn he despaired Jack Parmelee's familiar figure moving towards the house. Here was the very man for his purpose. He hailed him.

"Mr. Parmelee!" he called. The farm manager halted.

"Oh, it's you!" he said, as Rossiter drew near. "What's up?" He had remarked the pole-sawyer's bundle.

"I'm off," said Rossiter. "I've changed my mind about waiting till morning. If I hurry I think I can catch the Hintonville train, but I can't wait to say good-bye to everyone. Won't you make my adiós to Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Miss Merton and to the Beekerts? I'm very sorry not to see them all, and would you be kind enough to give this to Miss Densmore?"

He held out the slip of paper with its scrawled words. Parmelee took it.

"Why, certainly, to be sure," he said. "But you'd better wait. Indeed, I wish you'd stay right on. We need just such a man as you. Mr. Merton'd give you good wages, you know."

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Merton spoke about it, but I must go," answered Rossiter, holding out his hand.

"Well, you'll come next year?" said Parmelee, giving him a hearty grip. "I'll keep a place for you, if you say so."

"I can't promise," Rossiter replied. "Thanks just the same."

Parmelee watched Rossiter stride out of the gate and take the Hintonville road.

"There's a chap I can't make out,"

he muttered as he walked towards the house.

Rossiter recalled that half way to Hintonville there was a highway branching towards the west. When he reached this he took it without hesitation. He had no intention of trying to catch the train, but had spoken of doing so as a plausible excuse for his hasty departure. Plans he had none, needed none. He was to drift again, a waif, a vagrant, a common vagabond. Now nothing mattered. Money he had, more than he had possessed that year, but of what special avail was it? In the life to which he was returning he could manage quite as easily without it. He trudged on steadily, his mind a babel of emotions. One by one he reviewed the scenes of his boyhood life, in which Miss Densmore always appeared as the central figure, but chiefly he dwelt upon his return to consciousness after the encounter in the dip of the Blue Creek Road. It must have been pity not to love that he had seen in Miss Densmore's eyes as she had bent above him. Yes, it must have been that, and yet the look haunted him, and continued to do so.

By and by he found himself nearing the valley of the Oskononto. As he halted an instant before seeking the lower level, a fierce pulsating flame leaped up into the hollow of the night, and he knew that he was not far from the blast furnace of Harkana. Descending, he chose a road that led him past the flaring stacks, and paused to watch the fiery waves of molten iron pour into the mounds of sand. He crossed the furnace sing-heaps, hideous even in the starlight, and beyond the Oskononto and the abandoned Susquehanna canal found a highway ascending into the hills. Whither it wound he had no notion, and naught did he care. The hills appealed to him. He would go up among them as high as might be, and so he struck into this road. For a time he ascended gradually, then it became stony and steep. Behind him, from time to time, the stacks of the furnace shot streamers of red and blue and orange into the night, illuminating briefly and weirdly the heaven and the earth. Occasionally a cloud would reflect the glow after the flame had died, a mock sunrise or sunset. Towards midnight, when he had won high among the uplands, the moon rose, a crumbling segment of pale gold.

Rossiter was now weary, and presently a straw-stack in a field adjoining the highway suggested a desirable place of rest. He scaled the fence and approached the stack, becoming conscious, as he did so, of the sound of heavy breathing. Some one, it was evident, had already availed himself of a free night's lodging. Rossiter hesitated an instant and then went forward. Doubtless there would be plenty of accommodation for two. On the eastern side of the stack, revealed distinctly by the moonlight, was the huddled body of a man. There could be no harm, Rossiter thought, in having a closer glance at his fellow-lodger. He advanced cautiously a few paces and peered down, to start back in amazement and dismay, for he had gazed upon the repulsive face of "Whiskers."

Rossiter was again the neatly dressed man of yore, and to the ease of manner which had always been his was added a subtle trace of independence of assurance that was

this final remark with a sly glance at his companion.

The mention of the straw-stack had stimulated Rossiter's interest to such a degree that he did not heed the attempted pleasantry.

"Yes! yes!" he cried. "What happened?"

"Well," said the farmer, "when Bob got up this mornin' he was minus a straw-stack. The blamed thing burnt in the night, and not a darn soul about the place seen it. When they discovered it, and come to go near to look at it, there was a man's boots stickin' out of the black smokin' mass. His upper part was done to a crisp."

"If I recall rightly," said Rossiter, conscious of a sudden awe in his tone which the other did not seem to notice, "there is but one straw-stack for some distance."

"Yep," said the farmer, "that's right! Bob's is the only one for at least three miles, leastwise the only one near the road. The feier, who ever he was, must 'ave been smokin' an' fallen asleep. He's had his last smoke, that's dead sure, an' a mighty big one it was, by the look of it."

Rossiter had no comment to make. The horror of the scene kindled in his imagination by the farmer's words silenced him. And yet he could consider the dreadful doom which had overtaken "Whiskers" as retributive. There was no one, he thought, who would question the justice of this tragic interposition of fate, but the shocking end of Hart Dawson was still heavy on his mind when, an hour later, he stepped upon the platform of the Hintonville station.

CHAPTER XIV.

COMMENCEMENT AT MONROE COLLEGE.

It was the evening of commencement day at Monroe College. Upon the wide veranda of one of the fraternity houses sat Philip Rossiter smoking a cigar and gazing through an opening in the trees at the moonlight-flooded valley. A very different man he was in thought and appearance from the individual who had strolled about the college campus that Sabbath morning more than a year and a half previous. The sky of fortune began to clear for him the day he became a member of the staff of the Evening Star, and there had been no recurrence of cloud. Early in his career upon the paper, in the absence of a more experienced reporter, he had interviewed a distinguished personage with unworded tact, and thus leaped at a bound into the graces of the editor-in-chief. Inspired by his success, he tried sketch writing, the line of effort in which he had formerly won praise. His vivid pictures of the slums, of tramp life, of unusual police court episodes, quickly attracted attention. From these sketches to fiction was a natural and easy transition, and he suddenly found himself a contributor to one of the best magazines.

Rossiter was again the neatly dressed man of yore, and to the ease of manner which had always been his was added a subtle trace of independence of assurance that was



HE SEATED HIMSELF ON THE STEPS OF THE CHAPEL.

wholly new to him. He bore in his heart but one burden, his love for Sybil Densmore; and yet he often confessed to himself that the memory of her winsome personality carried with it more of sweetness than of sadness. Her image and the recollection of the hop-field days, more than the importuning of friends, had drawn him back to Hintonville and the reunion with his college classmates.

It was his first holiday since he had begun work upon the Evening Star, and it proved to him a time of restful delight—delight within whose translucent amber he was conscious of but a single flaw. Three of the four days for which he had been granted leave of absence had slipped by. Should he on the morrow drive over to the Merton farm and have a chat with the good people—Jack Parmelee and Mr. and Mrs. Merton and their daughter? Every night since his arrival in Hintonville he had put to himself this question, but the visit was yet to be made. Passionately as he longed for some news of Miss Densmore, he dreaded to hear of what he reflected must, in all probability, have long since taken place—her marriage.

An Accomplished Statesman.

"My boy, the way to success is al-

ways to do right. Henry Clay said

he would rather be right than presi-

dent."

"Was he president?"

"No; but he was right."

"He tried to be president, didn't he?"

"Yes—but he was not elected."

"Then he must have been both

right and left!"—Kansas City Journal.

His Engaging Remark.

Mr. Dumhead—Nelson was coming to call, but I told him you would be engaged this evening—

Miss Olemade, (rapturously)—Oh

William!—Princeton Tiger.

campus. For a while he listened to them drowsily, then it occurred to him that it might be interesting to see what an up-to-date college ball was like, so he rose and sauntered towards the gymnasium.

As he emerged from the maple shadow, he found the combination of music and moonlight so beguiling that he was in no hurry to venture farther, so he seated himself upon the steps of the chapel, which adjoined the gymnasium, directly beneath the symmetrical finger of the spire.

To the north he could mark the spasmodic twinkling of the electric towers of Ilion, and there, in the vague purple distance to the southeast, lay the Merton farm.

His face was set in this direction when an unusually lively air from the orchestra stirred him from his reverie. With something like a sigh he turned towards the gymnasium, and was soon climbing to the third floor. As he wheeled about to survey the room, on reaching the top stair, a gay spectacle met his eye. Great streamers of gold and blue—the college colors were fastened from beam to beam above the whirling dancers, and at intervals flags and trophies captured at Intercollegiate meets were suspended. There was a general flutter of gaudy fabrics and a blending of talk and laughter that ever and anon surged above a dip in the music.

To Be Continued.

Choosing a Minister.

The parish Kirk of Dingleton had been rather unfortunate in its ministers, two of them having gone off in defiance within a twelvemonth of their appointment, and now, after hearing number of candidates for the vacancy, the members were looking forward with keen interest to the meeting at which the election of the new minister was to take place, says the Scottish American.

"Weel, Marget," asked one female parishioner of another as they gathered on the road one day, "wha are you gaein' to vote for?"

"I'm just thinkin' I'll vote for none of them. I'm no' muckle o' a judge, an' it'll be the safest plan," was Marget's sagacious reply.

"Toots, woman, if that's the way o't, vote wi' me."

"An' hoo are you gaein' to vote?"

"I'm gaein' to vote for the man that I think has the soundest lungs an' 'll no' bother us wi' deedin' again in a hurry!"—London Mail.

Our Lucid Language.

A Frenchman recently propounded through the columns of the Liverpool Daily Post a problem which may not be without interest to Americans. "I am in Liverpool since a month," writes the French gentleman, "and saw many things the which I stupified, but of these this most amazed me. On your trams our writes, 'Passengers are requested not to board or leave the car while in motion.' Board! I comprehend not. My friend says it is 'abord,' to go on ship, therefore, one me demanded not to go on car and not go off while in motion. How can that be? I see thousand passengers since four weeks go on and off a car, but they all go while in motion. Shall one explicate how passengers while not in motion have a power to go on and off the car?"

The Ruling Passion.

A good woman was dying; a woman who had been a true wife and a loving mother; a woman with but one weakness—a love for gossip.

Although her time on earth was short, she was critically watching the attending physician and the nurse, as they talked in subdued whispers of the result which their united skill had been powerless to avert.

In response to the summons of the dying woman her husband approached her and bent low to catch the words which he expected to be words of love. Again she turned her eyes, from which the light was fast fading, upon the doctor and the nurse, as she said faintly: "Ho you suppose they are engaged?"

These words were her last.—N. Y. Times.

Didn't Specialize Too Much.

Youth is ambitious, but the average college professor, though not unduly cynical, has seen too much of the irony of life to keep from satirizing on the fact occasionally. A professor in a well-known law school the other day was warning his class in contracts against too much "specialization." "I once had a student," he said, "who told me just after he was graduated that he intended to devote his attention almost exclusively to constitutional law. Last June he came back to commencement. It was eight years after he had taken his degree. I asked him how he was getting along. 'Fairly well,' he replied. 'I just adjourned my justice court to come down here to-day!'"

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Mr. Dumhead—Nelson was coming to call, but I told him you would be engaged this evening—

Miss Olemade, (rapturously)—Oh

William!—Princeton Tiger.



A Sweet Tooth

Is responsible for many aches and pains. But whatever the cause of decay, it should be arrested and the teeth put in good condition.

We clean, fill or extract teeth without pain to the patient.

Our fine sets of teeth at \$5 made on zirconite or rubber are absolutely perfect. We guarantee them.

Tooth extracted 25 cents. The best amalgam filling 75 cents. Special accomodations for patients from a distance who write for appointments.

Dr. V. H. Hobson,

Office next door to Post office.

RICHMOND, Ky.

Owner of Main and Collins Streets.

MONUMENTS.

Urns, Headstones, Stat

THE SCHOOL.

THE CITIZEN promised to give some recitations and songs for school exhibitions and below we give the fourth installment.

An Old Favorite

SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN

By John G. Whittier

O H, praise an' thanks! De Lord he come to set de people free; Ah'm bound fin' it day ob doom, An' goin' on jubilee, De Lord dat keep de Red sea waves. He just no 'long an' den; He say de word, we has' night slaves, To-day, de Lord's freedom, De yam will grow, de cotton blow, O' nebber you fear, if nebber you hear De driver blow his horn! Ole massa on de trahibl gone; He leat de land behind, De Lord's breff blow him furder on, Take yam-shuck in de wind, We own de house, we own de plow, We own de hands dat hold, We sell de pig, we sell de cow, But nebber chile he sold. De yam will grow, de cotton blow, We'll hab de rice an' corn; O' nebber you fear, if nebber you hear De driver blow his horn!

We know de promise nebber fail, An' nebber lie de word; So like de 'ponies in de jail, We waited for de Lord, An' now he open every door, An' throw away de key; De truk we lub him no before, We lub him better free. De yam will grow, de cotton blow, He'll gib de rice an' corn; O' nebber you fear, if nebber you hear De driver blow his horn!

An Old Favorite

Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead

By Tennyson

HOME they brought her warrior dead; She nor swooned, nor uttered cry; All her maidens, watching, said, "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him soft and low, Called him worthy to be loved, Truest friend and noblest foe; Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a mignon from her place, Lightly to the warrior stepped, Took the face cloth from the face, Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years, Set his child upon her knee— Like summer tempest came her tears— "Sweet my child, I live for thee!"

The Home

JENNIE LESTER HILL, Editor

The Farm

SILAS CLEEVER MASON, Editor

Commercial Fertilizers.

By TUTOR C. D. LEWIS.

No doubt you are all familiar with the small white grain known as rice. It is grown very largely in warm climates, and is consumed in large quantities by the inhabitants of these countries. In America we find it cultivated chiefly in low, moist land that can be overflowed, like the low coast lands of Georgia and South Carolina. Rice is very valuable as food, because it is light and easily digested, and also because it is easily prepared, and may be cooked in such a great variety of ways.

I remember what a delicious dish my grandmother used to prepare, by cooking rice in milk for hours in a steamer, and then serving it as dessert with sugar and cream.

But the real Southerner cooks have mastered the art of cooking rice.

First they select the best whole-grained rice and pick out all chaff. It is then washed very thoroughly through several waters, until the last water comes off perfectly clear. Next put it into a kettle of boiling salted water, and keep it boiling about twenty minutes or until tender. Do not stir it. Use about three parts water and two parts rice. Add more water if necessary, but be very careful not to use too much water, as it will make the rice pasty.

Plain boiled rice should always be cooked very dry, so that each grain stands out separate and whole.

Since rice is a starchy food, it should be well chewed and mixed with saliva, in order to be perfectly digested. This is much more apt to be done when it is cooked dry than when the grains are broken and soaked with water or milk, and form a kind of paste.

In many of our southern states rice is served at every dinner, and it is indeed a very palatable dish, eaten with chicken, mutton, pork, beef, or any good meat gravy.

During the six years that I lived in Florida, I do not remember having eaten one dinner without rice. Sweet potatoe came next in importance, but we were always sure to have rice.

With chicken fricassee, the rice is boiled and then added to the stock in which the fowl was boiled. This is known as rice pie.

PAUL M. CASEY.

YANKEE MARINESLAND

Ship Bearing Colombian Flag Anchors Off Colon.

PEACE COMMISSIONERS EN ROUTE

Great Excitement Is Caused at Colon by Arrival of Steamer Scotia—Panama's Feet Secure From Invasion by Soldiers of Colombia—New Republic Is Paying.

Colon, Nov. 16.—The overdue German steamer Scotia arrived from the coast flying the Colombian flag. Her agents signaled the Scotia to come alongside her wharf, but she is now anchored a mile and a half from the harbor. Cutters from the United States auxiliary cruiser Dixie are plying to and from the Scotia, which has no communication with the shore. There is great excitement, as it is said that General Reyes and his staff are aboard the vessel. The United States converted cruiser Mayflower left her anchorage and steamed to meet the Scotia. The moment the Scotia anchored twenty marines from the Dixie were landed here.

Panama, Nov. 16.—While there is no doubt but that Colombia is threatening and promising to send troops to the isthmus and to take other aggressive steps against the new republic, there is no fear expressed here of the talked-of invasion.

President Marroquin's statement in telegraph to General Plaza, president of Ecuador, that Generals Reyes, Cañizal, Ospina, and Holguin are now marching on the isthmus to "suppress the isthmian traitors," has set the entire population of the isthmus laughing. Protected by the impenetrability of the land and the many leagues of coast line separating the isthmus from Colombia, and confident that the United States intends to prevent the landing of Colombian soldiers from the sea, the isthmians feel that their security is absolute.

The revenues of the new republic, if economically administered, promise to meet all expenses. The government of the new republic, realizing the necessity of keeping its army in a contented condition, is paying its officers and soldiers with the utmost promptness. General Olalida appeared on the streets of Panama Saturday for the first time since Nov. 3, when the independence of the isthmus was proclaimed. He was greeted cordially.

Revolution May Result.

Washington, Nov. 16.—A revolution in Colombia is not impossible, according to an opinion expressed in a dispatch received at the state department from United States Minister Beaupre at Bogota. It was dated Thursday, Nov. 12, and at that time Mr. Beaupre described the feeling in the capital city as panicky. The minister has delivered to the Colombian government his instructions sent to him by the state department on the 6th inst., advising him that the United States has entered into relations with the government of Panama. The Colombian government, according to Minister Beaupre, was disposed to ask for an explanation of the instructions, but the minister informed it that he regarded them as self-explanatory.

Protest In Senate.

Washington, Nov. 17.—The protest of the Colombian government against the recognition by the United States of the independence of Panama was received by Senator Frye as president pro tem. of the senate. The document was not laid before the senate because of the diplomatic requirement that it should be transmitted through the secretary of state. It is in Spanish, and Senator Frye had it translated with a view to transmitting it to Secretary Bay. It will be sent to the secretary with the request that it be speedily returned, when Senator Frye will lay it before the senate.

Presents Roosevelt's Letter. Panama, Nov. 17.—Dear Admiral Walker, who is practically President Roosevelt's representative on the isthmus, and Consul General Gudger, who is here to direct the relations of the United States with the defunct government, called at the palace and in the name of the United States government paid their respects to the members of the junta. Rear Admiral Walker presented a letter from President Roosevelt and there were mutual exchanges of good wishes. Otherwise the visit was quite informal.

Cable Protest to England.

London, Nov. 17.—The Colombian authorities have cabled to London a lengthy protest against the United States' action toward Panama, in which they claim that the "main responsibility for the secession of Panama lies with the United States government; firstly, by fomenting the separatist spirit, of which there seems to be clear evidence; secondly, by hastily acknowledging the independence of the revolted province, and, finally, by preventing the Colombian government from using proper means to repress the rebellion."

Settles Smuggling Cases.

San Juan, P. R., Nov. 17.—The federal court quashed the indictments for smuggling in the cases of Alonso Cruzon, the collector of customs; Captain Andrew Dunlap, United States navy, commandant of the naval station here, and Robert Giles, a former contractor in Porto Rico, on the ground that the fines had been paid and the crimes expiated. It is believed this action forever settles the case.



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THE CITIZEN,

BEREA, KENTUCKY.

JAMES M. RACER, Ed. and Pub.

THE CITIZEN'S CLASSIFIED "AD." COLUMN

OFFER NUMBER TWO.

THE CITIZEN and the JOSHER both One Year for the Price of THE CITIZEN.

The first number of THE JOSHER, a 16 page monthly "jocular journal for jocose jolliers," is just out and has scored a decided success. The trio of cousins, Bruce Kirkpatrick, Bruce Barton, and Clara Hinman, are the editors and publishers. The JOSHER certainly fills a long felt want. The subscription price for the school year is \$1.00; however, by special arrangements both THE CITIZEN and THE JOSHER can be had for the price of THE CITIZEN alone, \$1.00 per year.

GESE—Will pay highest cash price. J. H. Neff, Main St., Richmond, Ky. 12 1

TURKEYS, GEESE, and all kinds produce; highest cash prices paid. Berea Produce Co. 11 5

NAMES AND ADDRESSES of persons who are not now taking THE CITIZEN. Any subscriber sending us ten or more at once will receive by return mail an interesting 125 page book.

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TWO MILCH COWS, fresh, Jersey and Shorthorn. W. B. Jones, Pt. Lick.

FIRST CLASS BUILDING BRICK constantly on hand. We also have hard burned brick and bats for cisterns at very low price. Berea College Brick yard.

SIX FINE VACANT LOTS and two houses and lots in Berea. Good location; prices reasonable. A. J. Elder, Berea, Ky.

TWO COMPUTING SCALES, one meat and one grocer. Terms to suit purchaser. Call on or address W. B. Harris, Berea, Ky.

FOUR-ROOM COTTAGE, Chestnut Ave., 2 1/2 acres land with two good wells, and a good orchard. Enquire of or write D. N. Welch, Berea, Ky. 11 19

FOR RENT.

HOUSE AND LOT on Center street (for rent or sale); well located. Apply to J. W. Hoskins. 12 2

F. G. GALLOWAY FARM,—165 acres, for year 1904. Apply to E. T. Fish. 11 26



Miss Ida M. Snyder,

Treasurer of the Brooklyn East End Art Club.

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"In consulting with my druggist he advised McErie's Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught, and so I took it and have every reason to thank him for a new life opened up to me with restored health; and it only took three months to cure me."

Wine of Cardui is a regulator of the menstrual functions and is a most astonishing tonic for women. It cures scanty, suppressed, too frequent, irregular and painful menstruation, falling of the womb, whites and flooding. It is helpful when approaching womanhood, during pregnancy, after childbirth and in change of life. It frequently brings a baby to term that have been barren for years. All druggists have \$1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

WINE OF CARDUI

The most interesting members of the Senate from now until the presidential candidates are decided upon will be Hanna and Gorman, both of whom; since the recent election, are considered to be presidential possibilities.

The Citizen

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\$1 a year. 6 mos., 50c.

Office with Dr. L. Cornelius, Broadway St., Berea, Ky. Hours for dental work, 9:00 a. m. to 3:00 p. m.

THE CITIZEN.

JAMES M. RACER, Publisher.

GEREA, KENTUCKY.

Aunt Sarah's Will

CYRUS BRICKSON

AUNT SARAH SNOWDEN had never married, and furthermore she had always been a burden on her relatives. That is to say, she had worked about twice as hard as any paid hand for her board and clothes, and was still at it when she was 50 years old.

She was called "Aunt" as a term of derision, and as she was irascible and sour-tempered her life was not overburdened with sunny days. At 50 she was expecting nothing but to drudge along for the rest of her days and be known as a poor relation, when a most unexpected event happened.

At 30 years of age Aunt Sarah had almost been engaged to an old bachelor. She had been so near to it that he had seen her home from church on several occasions and "sat up" with her in the evening. She had also accompanied him to a circus and a camp meeting, and a marriage might have resulted had they not fallen into a dispute over some trifling matter.

Both were "soil" in their opinions, and after some hot words the bachelor withdrew and left the maiden all forlorn. He passed out of her sight to die 20 years later and leave her \$30,000 by will.

The news of Aunt Sarah's windfall threw the hamlet of Rosedale into a



CALLED TO CONGRATULATE.
flitter that did not quiet down for months.

Of course, nine-tenths of the people, including her brother Ben and his wife, hoped it wasn't true, but a lawyer came on to prove her claim and finally hand her over the cash, and then nine-tenths of the people made a lightning change. From being the drudge of the family, Aunt Sarah was exalted to the post of guest.

That \$30,000 looked bigger than Taylor's hill to the farmers and villagers, and it was an astounding thing that it should come to a little old woman who wouldn't know what to do with it.

In one week everybody who knew the old maid had called to congratulate and advise, and inside of another at least a score of people who had never spoken to her called to borrow or to interest her in plans and schemes.

From brother Ben, who wanted to build a new barn and buy four more cows, to Itzy, Mr. Johnson, who had been for years hoping to raise enough money to build a Baptist church, there was some one after portions of that money day and night.

Aunt Sarah did not lose her head. She bought herself a new alpaca dress and a bonnet of a style not over three years old, and set up housekeeping for herself. She neither gave away nor loaned a dollar, but after awhile made an announcement.

As the money had come to her by

will, it should go to others in the same way. The doctors had told her that she had a weak heart, and was liable to drop dead any hour, and she did not expect to live over four or five years at the most. The Baptist church, brother Ben and all the rest must wait for her demise to benefit.

This was looked upon as a sinful trick by some, and there were whispered effusions behind each door, but Aunt Sarah was obstinate, and there was nothing to do but wait.

Thirty thousand dollars is a sum to bow down to. The people bowed down, Aunt Sarah was flattered and enjoyed. Two or three old widowers came "spooking around" to talk marriage, and speculators came from a distance to offer ground-floor shares in gold mines and oil wells.

She had the best new when she went to church, the noisiest attention when she called at the post office or the dry-goods store, and everybody made up his or her mind to be mentioned in her last will.

The woman lived in clover for five years and then died. The term "clover" should be interpreted to mean that so many custards, pumpkin pies, glasses of jelly, jars of preserves, fresh eggs, baskets of fruit and spring chickens were sent in to her by neighbors of those within or beyond their ranks, or to insist upon special privileges or immunities. They must rely upon the justness of their cause, and to the extent that force is used, the boycott or the bludgeon, in compelling others to unite with them, to that extent they negative their own claim to being a brotherhood organization, whose purpose is to elevate and benefit the wage-earning class. But as a matter of fact, while labor organizations are very strong in some industries, they include only about 15 per cent. of the wage earners of the country, and it must not be forgotten that organization, however powerful, can give no rights to entail the personal liberty of the remaining 85 per cent. of the wage earners of the country.

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While the greatly increased organization of both laborers and employers is a fact which must be taken into consideration in discussing the industrial future, it must not be overlooked that however powerful these great interests may grow, they can only embrace a fraction of the people in any country. The general public is greater and many times more numerous than these two powerful bodies combined, and upon it must fall the heaviest losses that grow out of industrial war. The general public is patient, long-suffering and enduring. Its only organization is the general government, municipal, state and national, for the protection of the public welfare. Public opinion demands that the great public service corporations not only shall perform their function, but also they shall not be obstructed in that performance, and it also demands that the great avenues of supply and distribution of the necessities of life shall not be arbitrarily cut off in order to test the relative strength and enduring powers of the contending forces.

Organized labor and organized capital are in a formative state. They are both new to their acquired power. With time and experience a reaction in favor of conservatism will make itself felt, and in the meantime reconciliation will help rather than hinder a more reliable and permanent remedy.

Our Industrial Future

By OSCAR S. STRAUS.

THE value of trade unions in raising the standard of living and in guarding the interests of labor, in regulating the hours and conditions of work, are benefits which organization has unquestionably promoted. The great hope of our industrial future is, that the working classes whose powers for good and for evil have been so strengthened by organization, will be guided by enlightened principles, and abstain from seeking proximate benefits in contravention of undoubted economic experiences and at the cost of fundamental rights. To the extent they misuse their great power, of arbitrarily curtailing the rights of their fellow laborers or their employers, they array themselves against public sentiment, and from that day their power and their usefulness will decline. Even if labor organizations comprised the entire number of wage-workers in the country, this would give them no right either to override the personal liberty of those within or beyond their ranks, or to insist upon special privileges or immunities. They must rely upon the justness of their cause, and to the extent that force is used, the boycott or the bludgeon, in compelling others to unite with them, to that extent they negative their own claim to being a brotherhood organization, whose purpose is to elevate and benefit the wage-earning class. But as a matter of fact, while labor organizations are very strong in some industries, they include only about 15 per cent. of the wage earners of the country, and it must not be forgotten that organization, however powerful, can give no rights to entail the personal liberty of the remaining 85 per cent. of the wage earners of the country.

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Society That Is Not Society

By HENRY WATTERSON.

THE idle rich, the God-forgetting, world-defying, pleasure seeking rich, who strew themselves as a law unto themselves, who submit to no restraints except those fixed by nature and the surgeon's knife, who have no intelligent perspective except that the loudest purse brings down the biggest titles, no rule of conduct except that impelling them to eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow it may be someone else's turn, do they constitute society? Has Calabam grace? Is Tom Thumb manhood? Must the monkey and the swell be accepted as interchangeable types, as alternating measurements of human breeding and beauty. Indeed, one would think so reading some of the reports that come to us from the inner circles of that apotheosis of boredom, that incarnation of stupidity and affectation, which takes its cue from Leicester Square and the Corinthian Club in London, which emulates the demi-mondaine of Paris, which eddies around the abode of luxury and alimony at Newport, and thinks no more of running down an ordinary pedestrian in its automobile than you and I would think of brushing away a spider or fly.

Lift up your hearts. I at least have never wasted many thoughts or nursed any serious fears about any such cattle, nor shall I do so until monkey dinners become as popular in Pennsylvania as they seem to be in Rhode Island.

I know that in each of our centers of population and wealth there is a little coterie of silly women and simpering Johnnies which would imitate the imitators, but they are too shallow and too scattered to make much headway against "society," and by "society" I mean not merely those who by their character, their genius and their good fortune have earned the right to dwell in great houses, without the suspicion of the ostentatious display of wealth, to have picture galleries and libraries and horses and carriages, and, if they please, yachts and automobiles, but behind them that great army of the well bred and well to do, that noble American commonality, clean of birth and clear of grit, those cultivated men and women who live without scandal and travel without adventure, no rich, indeed, but quite able to pay as they go, the rose and expectancy of true manhood, and womanhood, the buttress and belltower of our free republic.

The Basis of Labor Peace

By JOHN MITCHELL,
President of the Miners' Union.

There can be no doubt that the unions and those employers who favor trade agreements are doing their utmost to prevent the wastefulness of strikes. On the other hand, those employers who insist upon managing their own business and dealing individually with their employers are, because of their arbitrary methods, responsible for a majority of the strikes.

With the growth of a spirit of mutual concession, and with a better understanding of the needs and aspirations, the rights and obligations of both classes, the necessity and justification of a great majority of strikes will pass away. Then, and not until then, will the industries of our country be established upon a firm foundation of peace.

Until better and more humane methods are within our reach the labor unions, and even the unorganized workmen, will continue to employ the strike and employers the lock-out, as a means of securing the adjustment of grievances or the elimination of wrongs which they believe to be intolerable.

To my mind, the hope of future peace lies in the collective bargain or the trade agreement.



THE RESULT.

(Written by a Ram's Horn Girl)
Broken and bowed with sorrow and tears,
More with soul-agonies than with years,
Heart sick and weary—so tired of life—
What is this? The drunkard's wife.

Laughed at and stunned on every hand,
A pitiful sight in this Christian land,
He, who has none of earth's laws drilled—
Who is this? The drunkard's child.

Four rough walls, and a roof of sin,
Rusty and bent, the rain dripping in,
Winds lashing the waves on the beach to—
What is this? The drunkard's home.

Dark and wicked, and full of sin,
Never a ray of God's light within,
Waiting for Death's summons to to—
What is this? The drunkard's soul.
—Ram's Horn.

ALCOHOL AND THE BODY.

(A Father's Clean, Temperate Habits
Saves the Arm of His Young Son.)

About seven years ago Henrie Niehols, a 14-year-old schoolboy, was carelessly handling a gun. It was accidentally discharged and a heavy charge passed through his arm, almost tearing it from the body, shattering the bone in several places, and tearing the flesh until it hung in strips from the bone. An old soldier who helped to care for the boy until the doctor could get there said he never saw an ailing sight upon any battlefield, or saw an ailing with gold. The old man and boy liked it not; it seemed like a waste of grain, and the spirits which responded had a surburous smile and did not do a strictly cash business.

Itundom argued that it would raise the price of grain, give employment to himself and make good times. He finally convinced the family by paying 34 cents for the bushel of grain and giving the old man a dollar for an indulgence. So Dunbdom went his way merrily flinging the 34 cents, and the old man was satisfied that he could not well keep house without the dollar.

Now it came to pass that when Dunbdom offered his sacrifice, and called forth the spirits of booze, he very generously turned them over to his brother Itundom for \$12.88, nearly enough to pay for the other 39 bushels of grain, and he said, "Go to! There is money in it." With his newly purchased spirits Dunbdom proceeded to go at once on an extended excursion into Booze-land, and straightway his wondering mind possessed itself of at least \$1,000,000 of Booze wealth, a clear gain of \$99,967.15 on his investment; besides, he felt confident that he could whip any man on the street. In the recklessness that is born of suddenly acquired wealth, Dunbdom became hilarious, and in his extravagance whupped his wife and smashed \$10 worth of furniture for the old man. Indeed, he behaved so badly that his spirit companions disappeared with all his new found wealth, and behold he was as other men (in the same fix).

Then did the family take counse together, and did build a caboose and put Dunbdom within, and did feed him at their own expense, and did pay a man to watch and chastise him.

Now as Dunbdom had no money to pay the damages, the old man turned to the boy for help, but that "son of Henrie" Dunbdom said, "Go to! Pot! Did I not give you a dollar and get back no change?" Then was the old man abashed, and said, "The point is well taken, my dear, but for your money I might be in the poor house."

Then did the old man require the same from Dunbdom, who settled the bill to save the family from bankruptcy, and to give vent to his feeling he lifted up his voice and cursed the trusts, the tariff, foreign immigration, other nations, and the other political party.

Now it came to pass that the family had a great pow-wow to consider their troubles, and Dunbdom said: "These are hard times; I have raised food enough for all the family, but my brother Itundom has had no money to buy, on the other hand I have been at a great expense to feed and clothe him; what shall I do?"

Old men Christendom said: "These are hard times; I have had to spend more to repair broken furniture this year than ever before, and that boy Dunbdom, who ought to help support the family, has not given me a cent; but on the other hand, he has been so drunk and disorderly that I have been compelled to hire a man to take care of him. How shall I meet my expenses?"

Then did Dunbdom look wise and say: "The spirit supply is running low, I will buy another bushel of grain and give another dollar for the privilege of selling the spirits to Dunbdom, but I shall expect you to see that his wife does not disturb me in my business."

Then did they clasp him in their strong arms and say: "We need that \$1.24; the one who interferes with you will have the whole family to whip."

They didn't see the point. Do you?

—Rev. B. H. Sandbach, in New Era.

TEMPERANCE NEWS NOTES.

The Russian government is spending millions in establishing tea houses and temperance pleasure houses to win the people from drunkenness.

The British Medical Temperance association has now 516 members, all qualified medical men, and 327 associates, who are medical students.

Nearly 2,000 Swedish soldiers sent in

a petition to the authorities recently,

asking for the prohibition of the sale of liquor in their army canteen.

At St. Louis there is to be seen what

is claimed to be the finest saloon in the world. Its name is most appropriate— "The Broken Heart." Admission is by card, which children distribute free all over the city.

Close upon 60 years ago 80 men were

discharged from Sweeney New Colliery,

near Oswestry, for being abstainers.

Now teetotallers are preferred. In the

Thames Iron works there are nearly 500

workmen teetotallers.

In the legislature last winter the plan

of re-submission was overwhelmingly

voted down. It was then supposed the

scheme was checked for at least two

years. The rumor now is that the

liquor oligarchy has organizers going

over the state forming clubs of re-submission.

Should the attempt be made in

the next legislature, we have no fear

as to the result. Meantime let the friends in that state to see that only

true and trusty men are sent to the legislature.

Where Doctors Are Needed.

To a young medical student who came

to Sir Benjamin W. Richardson for ad-

vice as to where it would be best to get

a practice, Sir Benjamin replied: "Take

my advice and don't settle in any town

without a public house (saloon). These

teetotallers not only have no accidents,

but when wounded they heal so fast that

there is neither pleasure nor profit after

the first dressing."

The Reform Brewers.

The president of the Indiana Brewers'

association is planning a



MOUSY'S QUEER HOME.

Looked Around for a Suitable Location for Some Time and Then Settled in Oriole Nest.

Once a Mother Mouse started out to find a home for herself and five tiny baby mice, as soft as velvet, and as pink as the bottom of a baby's foot. First, she looked into an old wooden stocking in the attic under the eaves, and nearly decided to take it because it was so warm and comfortable. Still, there were other things to consider in selecting a house. There was no view from the front door for one thing. It opened right upon the shingles of the roof, and there would be difficulties in educating the babies so far away from the dining-room. She was an ambitious little Mother Mouse, and hoped to see them all do well in life, as smart little mice should.

So she decided not to take the stocking house, and went to see a boxcar next, where there was a pretty little bonnet crown lined with white silk, all ready to go to housekeeping in. There was only one objection to this, and that was, a tenant could not be certain of the lease.

The owner of this attractive bonnet house, likely-as-not the next bright day, would take it into her head to wear the thing, though for what purpose it was beyond the average mouse to understand. There was such a fine veranda, too, made by the bonnet rim, where the babies could play tag and hide and seek, in the chilton. It real-

ly seemed a great pity not to be able to secure such a desirable house, and Mother Mouse went back to take one more walk on the wide porch and nibble a mouthful of white ostrich feathers that grew by the side of it. These she would use in making a cozy corner when she should get settled. She was still in doubt where to locate when I first met her.

There was a swinging seat out on the big porch close by the screen of the dining-room window. An armful of cattails leaned up in the corner, and right above them hung an oriole's nest, looking just like a work bag covered with coarse gray lace. While I sat there in the twilight Lady Mouse came climbing up the screen with her cunning little feet, just as you would climb up a ladder. I watched her until the bell rang for tea and told the family about our visitor. Then we forgot all about her. One day, not long afterward, we were all out there with books and sewing, when some one noticed a tiny ball of gray on the floor under the oriole's nest. What do you suppose it was? The smallest dot of a baby mouse, and the poor little thing was quite dead!

"How did it get there?" everybody asked, and then I remembered Mrs. Mouse and her trip up the wire screen. "She has a nest in those cattails," said some one.

So we all looked, but there was no mouse nest in the cattails.

"Maybe it's in the oriole's nest," said somebody else.

"Nonsense! It's too high up. Besides, mice don't nest in bird houses," said the others.

But we got a chair and the tallest one of us stood on tiptoe and peered down into the nest, and there, snuggled close together in milk weed silk and ostrich feather quilts, were four other tiny baby mice with skin like pink velvet covered with a soft down like the bloom on a peach. Probably the other baby wanted to see the world too soon and lost his balance, and so fell down, and down, to the hard floor under the cattails. Poor little venturesome baby mouse!

The rest of them behaved as little mice should, and are probably living to a good old mouse age by this time. No doubt they have lived in a great many houses, but they could not hope to find a daintier home than an oriole's nest. Could they?—Detroit Free Press.

Cat Winds Up the Clock.

W. G. Sanderson, a Salem, S. D., business man, has in his store a cat which is remarkably intelligent. The animal appears to think that its especial duty is to wind a large clock which occupies a conspicuous position in the store. The timepiece is of the kind that has weights suspended by a chain. The remarkable intelligence of the cat is displayed when it discovers that the weights are getting close to the floor and winds them back by pulling on the other end of the chain. It attends to this regularly, never permitting the clock to run down.

The Proper Pronunciation.

Channing Dewey went into a high-class restaurant the other day and to his surprise discovered oleomargarine upon the table. "Come here," he said to the waiter. "How do you pronounce o-le-o-ma-ga-rin-e?" And the intelligent waiter of the magnificent palace of pleasure at once responded: "I pronounce it butter, sir, or else I lose my job."

THE SAND MAN.

I know a man
With face of tan,
But who is ever kind;
Whom girls and boys
Leave games and toys
Each eventide to find.

When day grows dim,
They watch for him;
He comes to place his claim—
He wears the crown
Of Dreaming town;
The Sand-Man is his name.

When sparkling eyes
Drop sleepwise
And busy lips grow dumb;
When little heads
Not toward the beds
We know the Sand-Man's come.

JOHNNY SPEAKS

The Sand-Man's a jolly old fellow,
His face is kind, his voice is mellow,
But he makes your eyelids as heavy as
lead,
And then you got to go off to bed,
I don't think I like the Sand-Man.

But I've been paying bills (they long day;
It does make a fellow as tired to pay!
Oh, my, I'm yawning right here before
me,
I'm the sleepiest fellow that ever you saw,
I think I do like the Sand-Man.

—Paul L. Durbar in Chicago Daily News.

EDUCATED OYSTERS.

Schools for Oysters Are Maintained
by Many Eastern Wholesale
Dealers in Fistic.

"A school for oysters," said a Philadelphia dealer in fish, "is an institution that you would swear could not exist, for oysters are notorious for their stupidity. It is, however, a fact that there are many oyster schools. An oyster's intelligence is limited, but it has intelligence. Years ago a certain wise fish dealer discovered that if you take an oyster suddenly from its abode and let it open its shell, whereupon the life-giving water inside it all escapes, and the oyster dies. But if you expose an oyster in the air gradually, lifting it out of the water for a few minutes and then returning it again, it gradually learns that to keep its shell closed when out of the water is the best thing for its health. These investigators found that they could take two oysters, one trained and one untrained, and the trained oyster, keeping its shell closed while out of the water, would live a long time, while the untrained one, opening its shell, would die in a few hours. Therefore, training schools for oysters were established. The schools are in appearance nothing more than reservoirs full of water. Oysters are put in them, and the water is drained off, and then returned again. It is kept off for a few minutes at first, then for ten minutes, then for half an hour, and so on. Oysters in these schools learn that they will live longest and live healthiest out of water. If they hold their shells shut tight. As soon as they learn this, they are graduated, and go out into the world"—N. Y. Weekly.

DANCING EGG TRICK.

A Little Experiment for Boys and Girls That Is Sure to Prove Entertaining Always.

To execute this little experiment you need a hard-boiled egg and a smooth china plate. To be sure that the experiment is going to be successful, keep the egg in a perpendicular position while it is being boiled.

Place the plate upside down on the table, allowing it to stand out a little over the edge of the table, to be able to catch it quickly with your hand. Place the egg in the center of the plate and putting the thumb of the left hand



THE DANCING EGG

and the index finger of the right hand on both ends of the egg, give it a sudden twirl causing it to turn around in quick motion. The egg will gradually stand on one end; then you grab the plate, and all you have to do is to keep the egg in motion, which is not difficult.—Philadelphia Press.

Boy Shoots a Big Bear.

About as proud a boy as there is in the entire Adirondack region is little Jack Stearns, an 11-year-old New York boy, who shot and killed a bear. With his mother, Mrs. John Noble Stearns, the little New Yorker is a guest of the Adirondack League club, and it was near the Coombs Spring hatchery of that organization that the youthful hunter laid Bruin low. Dave Charbonneau, a guide, was with the boy when the bear was killed. He says the animal was 100 yards away from the boy when the shot was fired. The first attempt was successful. The bear weighed 250 pounds.

THE CUBAN TREATY.

President's Message to the Extra Session of Congress.

He Urges Its Ratification and Deems Such Legislation Is Demanded, Not Only By Our Interests, But By Our Honor.

Washington, Nov. 10.—The following message of the president was sent to the congress Tuesday:

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

I have convened the congress that it may consider the legislation necessary to put into operation the commercial treaty with Cuba, which was ratified by the senate at its last session and subsequently by the Cuban government. Such legislation is demanded not only by our interest but by our honor.

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Kentucky Intelligence.

MET ON A CURVE.

Six Men Killed and Two Injured, One Probably Fatally, in a Wreck.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 13.—Two heavy freight trains, one of them a double-header, collided in a dense fog near New Hope, Ky., on the Knoxville division of the Louisville & Nashville early Thursday, killing six trainmen and injuring two, one probably fatally.

The trains met on a reverse curve at the top of an embankment, 30 feet high. The three engines were completely demolished, and nearly every car of both trains landed at the foot of the fill. Fire soon broke out, and 15 cars of merchandise and coal were destroyed. Special relief trains were sent from this city and Lebanon, and the bodies of the trainmen were recovered about 10 o'clock. Hume, who was the only one of the men found alive under the wreckage, had his jaw torn off and was otherwise badly hurt. The corps of rescuers had, after much difficulty, taken Hume from under a car of coke and were bearing him towards the special train when a load of gunpowder exploded with terrific force. Fortunately none of the rescuing party was injured. Brakeman Winkler jumped and was badly hurt. Passengers were transferred around the wreck. It was late in the afternoon before the track was cleared.

Following is a list of casualties:

The dead—M. S. Cannon, engineer, Lebanon Junction; Ed Sturgis, engineer, Louisville; Moreland Graves, engineer, Lebanon Junction; John Roylance, fireman, London, Ky.; John Leach, fireman, Lebanon Junction; Wm. Lydig, fireman, Louisville, Ky.

The injured—Reid Hume, brakeman, Lebanon, Ky.; Reid Hume, brakeman, Lebanon, Ky.; John Winkler, brakeman, Lebanon, Ky.; John

FIRED FATAL SHOT.
McDonald is Said to Have Dared Furlong to Fire.

St. Joseph, Mo., Nov. 16.—Irving McDonald, a young business man and wealthy, was shot and killed by J. F. Furlong, a traveling man, whose home is given by him as at 2332 Howard street, St. Louis. Furlong says his act was in self-defense, as he was assaulted by four men and shot only when he believed his life to be in danger. When arrested he had a revolver in his pocket; one chamber was empty. William R. Lynch, a traveling man from Cleveland, O., a member of the party, was detained at police headquarters for two hours, but was finally released.

In company with Mrs. Lester Myrick and Grace Holt of "The Governor's Son" company, and several other friends, Furlong and McDonald went to an Edmond street cafe after the performance of "The Governor's Son." They are said to have been drinking freely.

The party left the cafe and, according to the police, words passed between the two and Furlong drew a revolver. Placing the weapon against McDonald's stomach, Furlong hesitated a moment. McDonald dared him to fire and Furlong pulled the trigger. The women are held as witnesses.

Russia Preparing For War.
St. Petersburg, Nov. 14.—There is much satisfaction here over the result of the czar's visit abroad. It is believed that a complete understanding was reached with Germany and France regarding the rear and far east, making for peace and rendering Russia's rear secure in the event of future hostilities with Japan. While the danger of hostilities is considered over for the present, despite the warlike tone of the eastern dispatches, it is realized that the settlement is merely patchwork. A high official said: "Russia wants peace but she is ready for war. Japan finding us prepared, fears the test."

Women Fill Pulpits.
Cincinnati, Nov. 16.—Over 100 pulpits in Cincinnati and Ohio and Kentucky suburbs were occupied Sunday morning and evening by ladies who are delegates, lecturers, organizers or other attendants at the thirtieth national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance union. At the same time 30 visiting clergymen of the Ohio Anti-Saloon league occupied other pulpits. The delegates and others left on a pilgrimage to Hillsboro, O., where the crusade started in 1873 and where "Mother" Thompson and other original crusaders still reside.

Three Thousand For Kisses.
Albany, N. Y., Nov. 13.—The appellate division has sustained the judgment obtained by Miss Frances Petit, who was awarded a verdict of \$3,000 for 1,236 kisses. The case comes from Saratoga county, where a blacksmith named Tittlemore courted Miss Petit for 14 years, during which time she says he kissed her 1,236 times. She says she knows, because she kept an account of the number of kisses in her diary. Miss Petit brought suit for \$50,000 for breach of promise. After he lost the case Tittlemore went into voluntary bankruptcy.

Cranks From Ohio Arrested.
Washington, Nov. 16.—Another of those persons designated by the police as "presidential cranks" was arrested in the White House grounds. He gave his name as David Fry, his age as 60 years, and said his home was at Tippecanoe City, O. An examination of the papers found on him developed that they were on socialistic and anarchistic subjects. Fry says he has no relatives in this country. He says he has a particular friend in Frank Davis, who resides at Tippecanoe City, O.

Pulled Tongue Loose.
Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 13.—A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Miss Hattie Bodine, who teaches in West Barre, Orleans county. Leonard Standish, a 10-year-old pupil, did something to annoy Miss Bodine. She commanded the lad to put out his tongue and when he complied she took hold of it and gave it a jerk, wrenching it loose from the roots.

Accidentally Killed.
Charleston, S. C., Nov. 17.—Colonel E. Miller Boyken, United States marshal under President Cleveland and a leading banker of Camden, killed himself accidentally. He left his house to shoot a hawk, and was discovered dead an hour later, while his gun was found leaning against the other side of the fence. He was president of several large corporations.

Wichita Track Remeasured.
Wichita, Kan., Nov. 12.—The Wichita track, over which Crescents trotted in 1:59 1/4 Oct. 19, was remeasured and found to be two feet over a mile in length. The remeasurement was demanded by the American Register association and will be submitted as evidence in favor of Crescents when the case comes up before the board of appeals.

Twenty-fifth Child Dead.
McKeesport, Pa., Nov. 13.—Theodore Roosevelt Signet, the twenty-fifth child born to W. H. Signet, died at the family home here, aged five months. Upon being notified that this child had been named after him the president sent it a check for \$100.

Snow in the West.
Des Moines, Ia., Nov. 14.—The first snow of the season fell in Iowa. Reports indicate that the fall covers the greater portion of the state. A light snow has also fallen over the eastern part of Nebraska, the first of the year.

CHARGED WITH BRIBERY.
United States Senator Dietrich Must Face Federal Indictments.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 17.—The United States grand jury returned true bills against United States Senator Charles H. Dietrich and Postmaster Jacob Fisher of Hastings, Neb., charging them with bribery and conspiracy. The senator is charged with accepting a bribe of \$1,300 from Fisher, in consideration of which the latter was recommended for the postmastership at Hastings.

Judge Munger received the report of the grand jury, making no remarks on its contents beyond making an order to the clerk for filing of the bills.

Postmaster Fisher was formerly mayor of Hastings and has been prominent in Republican politics of Nebraska for several years. He has been in Omaha for some time during the investigation of the grand jury, and was to have been placed on the stand to testify before the grand jury.

Result of Politics.

Washington, Nov. 17.—Senator Dietrich and Editor Rosewater of the Omaha Bee have arrived in this city, and all inquirers as to the indictment of the senator were referred to Mr. Rosewater, who declared that the indictments were the result of a political quarrel. Mr. Rosewater asserted that Senator Dietrich had a good defense, and added that he and the senator had come to Washington at this time to bring about the removal of District Attorney Sommers. He said they had already been to the White House on this mission. Mr. Rosewater declared that District Attorney Sommers had pushed the charges against Senator Dietrich for the reason that they were politically antagonistic.

Brigham Addresses Grangers.
Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 17.—Assistant Secretary of Agriculture J. P. Brigham addressed the National Grange, of which he was master for nine years. He urged the farmers to take a firm stand against the "Tyranny of organized labor and organized capital." Both, he said, were threatening problems which the agricultural class alone could solve. Two important resolutions were introduced. One from Oregon called for an investigation of the charge that the railroads are charging the government more than they are charging the express companies for carrying packages. The other demanded a compensation for rural mail route carriers which would equal that received by city mail carriers. A delegate from Ohio sent in a resolution protesting against adoption of the metric system.

Was "Uncle Tom's" Friend.

Logansport, Ind., Nov. 17.—During the presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" here by a traveling company Frank Marshall, a burly negro and son of a former slave, remained insane by the whipping of Uncle Tom by Simon Legree, leaped on the stage and threatened to kill the actor. Uncle Tom jumped off the block and took a hand in the fight, but the negro was overpowering both of them when a policeman suppressed him. The performance was broken up by the incident. The negro said his father had been whipped just as depicted on the stage and the memory drove him to madness.

Trying to Break Strike.

Chicago, Nov. 17.—Encouraged by the successful operation of a regular service on the Wentworth avenue line the management of the Chicago City railway announced that an effort would be made to resume traffic on the Cottage Grove avenue cable line. Five hundred policemen will be added to the number already detailed to guard the property of the company. Screens have been provided for the grip cars to shield the gripmen and the trains will be run at a high rate of speed in an effort to prevent crowds from blocking the tracks.

Sympathy For Colombia.

Guayaquil, Ecuador, Nov. 14.—General Plaza, president of Ecuador, has cabled to President Marroquin of Colombia, sympathizing with him in the recent events on the Isthmus of Panama. President Marroquin has replied thanking General Plaza and adding that Generals Reyes, Caballeros, Ospina and Holguin are marching on Panama with a large army to subdue the Isthmians.

To Limit Tenure of Office.

Washington, Nov. 17.—Representative Galatas (Tenn.) introduced a resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution of the United States as follows: "The president of the United States shall hold his office during one term of six years, and no person having been president, either by election or succession, shall be again eligible to that office."

Escaped From Jail.

Washington, Pa., Nov. 17.—Lawrence Minor, a murderer, and Frank alias Toy Pierce, convicted of felonious shooting, both colored, attacked Deputy Sheriff Howe in the Washington county jail here and, securing the officer's keys, escaped from the prison.

Fire Bells Broke Trance.

Berlin, Nov. 17.—Sesine Moyer, the girl who had lain sick Dec. 27, 1888, in a trance-like sleep, awoke in the village of Gramke, near Bremen, during the changing of fire bells. Her case had long interested physicians and had been the subject of various experiments.

Increase of pensions.

Washington, Nov. 17.—The reports of the pension bureau show that the pensions issued during the first four months of the present fiscal year exceed the same period of last year by 25 per cent. The pension issue last year was the largest in 10 years.

Berea and Vicinity.**GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES**

Mrs. J. W. Stephens is still improving.

The poem, "Perseverance," on first page deserves a careful reading.

Rev. A. E. Thompson was a Richmond visitor Monday of this week.

Dr. L. A. Davis, of Berea, was in this city Sunday.—Richmond Panorama.

Prof. and Mrs. Dodge entertained a party of College people at dinner on last evening.

The little crippled child of Pete Bowman died last week, and was buried in the Berea cemetery.

A number of hunters are having fine sport in the vicinity of Berea now that the bird law is out.

Look over THE CITIZEN's classified "ad" column every week. You may find something to interest you.

Dr. L. Cornelius returned Sunday from a two weeks' visit with home folks at Oakley, Laurel County.

Mr. Louis Lester and bride have gone to housekeeping on the Lester farm, on the Scafold Cane pike.

A new restaurant, of which Mr. T. R. Petts is proprietor, is now in operation in the new building recently put up by Mr. J. E. Dalton.

Miss Abbie Morrow, formerly matron of Ladies Hall, was here for a few days' visit last week with Prof. and Mrs. Mason and other friends.

The Thanksgiving number of THE CITIZEN will be mailed next week on Wednesday morning instead of Thursday morning as usual.

Mr. Chas. A. King has rented the Fee property, and will remove there soon from the Paseo home, where he has lived for the past two years.

Miss Anna Hanson is just starting a class in pyrography. Miss Anna is very proficient in this work and should have a flourishing class.

If you have anything to swap, THE CITIZEN's classified "ad" column will do the swapping for you, and not charge you much for it either.

The hill on the street extending from Welch's store to the depot is being cut down and graded up, so as to make comparatively an easy grade.

Word comes from Houston, Tex., from Mrs. W. H. Porter, that her mother cannot recover from her sickness, and that they can now only await the end.

Treas. Osborne has several desirable cottages to rent for families who wish to spend the winter in Berea for the education of their children. Address T. J. Osborne, Berea, Kentucky.

H. M. Racer is now comfortably situated in his new barber shop, just around the corner on Center street, next to Mrs. Fish's millinery store, where he may be found when you wish anything in his line.

Rev. H. M. Shouse has been indispensed the past week, but is now feeling better. His pulpit in the Baptist church Sunday was filled by Prof. F. K. Graves. At night a general Thanksgiving service was held.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bratcher, on Bighill pike, returned Tuesday from a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Jeff. Roberts, at La Follette, Tenn. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts moved to Tennessee last January from the neighborhood of Kingston.

Misses Euphemia K. Corwin, Elizabeth Williams and Bessie Hoskins, of the local Young Women's Christian Association, left to-day for Nashville, Tenn., to attend the Inter-State Convention of that organization. They will return Monday.

The convention of Young Men's Christian Association of Madison county will be held Friday, Saturday and Sunday, at Richmond. The Berea College quartette will furnish music Friday afternoon and night. Rev. A. E. Thompson will make the principal address Friday night. Berea should send a good delegation.

Rev. H. J. Derthick is away on a five weeks' tour of work under the auspices of the State Board of his church. He expects, however, in that time to get home to spend Thanksgiving with his family. His pulpit at the Second Church was filled last Sunday by Rev. Mr. Lord, a student from Kentucky University.

Mrs. John Harrison, of Center street, who has been sick with fever for fifteen weeks, is now able to sit up a few minutes each day. It is thought that her recovery from now on will be rapid. Miss Bessie Harrison, who has been constant in the care of her mother through her long illness, is also sick this week, but it is hoped that the

sickness will not develop into anything serious.

With three good meat markets here Berea people need not lack for good wholesome fresh meats. The Davis meat market in the west end, opposite Bicknell and Early's, is open every day with a full supply.

In the east end, M. B. Ranney is still doing business at the old stand, while the new meat market of Musie & Royston, next to J. E. Dalton's new building, is already getting its share of the business.

Besides these three shops, a large quantity of fresh meat is brought in from the country and sold from house to house.

The Best Liniment

"Chamberlain's Pain Balm is considered the best liniment on the market," writes Post & Bliss, of Georgia, Vt. No other liniment will heal a cut or bruise so promptly. No other affords such quick relief from rheumatic pains. No other is so valuable for deep seated pains like lame back and pains in the chest. Give this liniment a trial and you will never wish to be without it. Sold by S. E. Welch, Jr.

EVERYBODY WEARS SHOES

so why not wear good shoes when we sell you

GOOD UP-TO-DATE SHOES

just as cheap as other people sell you inferior ones.

We are leaders for style, wear and comfort, and you can't miss it, if you buy from us.

Anything and everything you want in men's furnishings and can please you in style and price.

Call in and look over our various lines, so you can be convinced.

Yours for business,

Crutcher & Tribble

MAIN STREET, : : : RICHMOND, KENTUCKY

DR. FENNER'S**Kidney**

AND

Backache Cure

ALSO PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a lifetime curing just such cases as yours. All consultations are FREE.

"I had suffered for a long time and for three weeks was down in bed, unable to move with great pain because of pain in my back, which several doctors pronounced lame. They failed to give me any relief whatever. A sample bottle of Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure greatly relieved me. I bought and used two more bottles and was completely cured, although my occupation as a dyer requires me to be much about water and often my clothing becomes damp or very wet. I have suffered no return of the trouble nor any signs of rheumatism.

Yours truly, FRED BRUNDIT, 213 N. Elbright St., Muncie, Ind.

Sold by Druggists, etc. and Dr. Fenner's Almanac or Catalogue.

Get your BULBS

Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocuses, Narcissus, Chinese Sacred Lily

Cut Flowers, Palms, Ferns**Richmond Greenhouses, Albert Reichspfarr, Prop. Richmond, Kentucky****If it's from CRUTCHER & EVANS IT'S GOOD!**

A full line of FURNITURE always on hand.

We invite our Berea friends to make themselves at home at JOPLIN'S old stand when in Richmond.

CARPETS and MATTINGS. UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY

Day Phone, 73. Night Phone, 47, 66.

Crutcher & Evans, Richmond.

New Games

A FREE game inside each package of
Lion Coffee

60 different games.

Buy Fresh Groceries!

Our line of Groceries is always fresh. We always keep a nice line of Fruits and Vegetables.

Our "Diamond Brand" Coffees.

Prices from 15c to 35c per Pound. Once used, always used.

"Bread is the Staff of Life."

Get a loaf of "Mother's Bread" or a sack of "Snow on the Mountain" Flour.

Delivery from 6 a. m. until 9 p. m.

PRESTON'S Main Street Call 33.



PORTABLE HOG HOUSE.

Description of Brickard Quarters for Swine in Use at the Iowa Agricultural College.

Where swine are kept in an orchard or field at some distance from their ordinary quarters, temporary sleeping accommodation, which will also afford a shelter during stormy or wet weather, becomes very desirable. There are several forms of portable houses. Of these one of the best is the one described below, which is in use at the



MODEL PORTABLE HOUSE.

Iowa agricultural college. The illustration gives a good idea of its appearance. Professor Carttis gives the following method of construction.

The house is 8 feet square. There are four 2 x 3-foot posts on each side. The five sleepers of 2x4 scantling are rafter stops and 8 feet long. Four plates are required 8 feet long. Three sets of rafters are cut in 5 foot lengths. Ridge board is 8 x 3 feet long. Flooring is of four 12x6 inch boards laid in the center. Sides and ends are covered in with 8-inch drop siding with grooved inch roof boards 10x12, cut into two pieces without waste for the roof. The window in the end is 2x2 inches, that in the roof 2x5 feet. Door is 2 1/2x2 1/2 feet. Where not otherwise specified the lumber is 2x4 inches. If used in winter it should be banked up—Farm and Home.

WHEN HOGS ARE LOUSY.

Then the Farmer Must Inaugurate a Systematic Warfare or Else Suffer the Loss.

No farmer should even tolerate the presence of lice on his hogs. What is the sense of feeding hogs corn to a lot of messy lice, which not only live on its substance after the animal has digested it, but that cause him such uneasiness that he cannot properly digest food? No hog can get as fat as it should when it is lousy. The consciousness that it has done would keep it from properly digesting and assimilating its food.

Farms that are clean of lice should be kept clean. Where hogs on a farm are lousy, no pains or expense should be spared in getting rid of the lice before the winter season. Every farm should have a dipping tank and it will pay to run hogs through it once a month even if they are not lousy; much more so if they are.

To rid a farm of lice is not an easy matter. It is not a matter of a day or weeks, but dipping, keeping clean beds, and whitewashing pens that will in time get rid of them. Where farms are clean every precaution should be taken to prevent the introduction of this nasty pest. You need to watch carefully the hog or the broad sow that you purchase this fall.

We are sorry to say that some breeders' farms are lousy. No breeder should permit a hog to leave the farm unless he is quite sure that it is free from vermin. It should always injure the reputation of a breeder to be caught sending out a lousy hog. Therefore the buyer should always examine carefully and see that the new arrival is clean, and if lousy he should at once register a complaint against the breeder. That is the way to reform the bad methods that prevail among the more careless sort of breeders.—Rural World.

FEEDING ON Poultry Flocks.

There should be no waste in the keeping of poultry, and as fowls are partial to nearly all kinds of food they will search for and secure much that would not be available for large stock. There are many articles on a farm that go to waste, such as cracked wheat in the stubble-field, hay-seeds, grass, etc., but which are converted by the hens into eggs, especially in spring, summer and fall. This is a source of profit which some do not consider, and when the cost of eggs is estimated it is but right to credit the hens with that which they save. A flock of fowls will pick up an enormous amount of waste food in a year, including injurious insects, and on some farms the receipts from eggs are almost clear profit, no expense in their production being incurred.—Farm and Fireside.

Raising Chickens for Eggs.

There is an old saying that the eggs will pay for the horse before the sale of chickens has paid for the saddle, and this is just about true. Raising chickens for profit in the eggs is the main part of the business the farmer wants to look after. But if he does this he must make a judicious selection of the kind of chickens he would keep. If it is a cross, he must know that it is a cross that will lay. Never use crosses made of the setting and non-setting breeds. These may do for market birds, but not layers and setters. Keep the laying hens warm. To let them run in the damp or rain will shorten up the crop of eggs.—Twentieth Century Farmer

It is useless to try to breed a fine uniform flock of sheep from the rams and ewes.

A HELPFUL SERVANT.

The Convenience and Economy of a Small Gasoline Engine on the Farm.

I have frequently spoken of farm shops and gasoline engines for farmers' work. I am just now running all my poor apples through a home-made cider mill, and the power is furnished by a small gasoline engine, largely home-constructed—at an expense of about \$60. The power furnished is about two horse-power. This engine will furnish power to saw ordinary wood for stoves; it will grind grain and bones, and do nearly all the jobs about the farm that take a good deal of time if done by hand work. It is not large enough for silo work. The engine is easily managed by a boy, and, in fact, furnishes an immense amount of pleasure to a lad who has any taste for machinery. It adds a zest to work. The idea that it is difficult to run such an engine is a mistake. My boys have arranged the ignition of the engine by an electrical spark. The cost of running is about one gallon of gasoline for ten hours for each horse-power. The cost of running my engine to cover wood sawing, grinding, and other mudding for the year has not exceeded five dollars. Not a small item is the readiness with which scythes can be ground, hoes sharpened and all of the farm tools kept in keen working order.

A large farm would require, possibly, an eight horse-power. No one ever sees the little machine in operation without expressing pleasure and surprise. It has led to the setting up of a good many others, not only on farms, but in meat shops, ice cream factories, etc. In fact, the use of the gasoline engine and its general value can hardly be overestimated. I should say that it stood for at least one hired man, and that in some cases it would be equivalent to two or three. When connected with a lathe, it will accomplish a great deal of mending of tools and other repairs, which would make the sawing in a single year cover all the cost of the engine. Gasoline should be bought by the barrel and stored at such a distance from buildings that insurance will not be vitiated. There are ways of wasting a good deal of gasoline, and this a judicious farmer will look out for. I need not add that a careless farmer has no business with an engine. A man who lets his tools take care of themselves, who is careless about oiling and reckles about running, will soon get into some sort of expensive trouble. It would probably be best to have a separate building for your engine if possible. This building need be very inexpensive, and little more than a shed. My own engine is worked in the farm shop. E. P. Powell, in N. Y. Tribune—Farmer.

NOVEL POWER WINDMILL.

It Was in Use for Fourteen Years, Without a Cent of Expense for Repairs.

I send you a picture of a power windmill that was built to order for us in 1884 and did the pumping water for over 200 head of horses and cattle for 14 years; also was used for grinding feed, etc. It was seven or eight horse-power, 12 feet high and 12 feet in diameter. It would run in a lighter wind than any other mill, and when wide open in a heavy wind would only make 26 revs.



UNIQUE POWER WINDMILL.

lutions to the minute. The outside of mill was solid, deflecting boards allowing the wind to enter only on one side. The inner wheel consisted of 12 2x12-foot upright caps; these were held open in the wind by springs and was the most sensitive and complete governing device I ever saw on a mill. This mill in heavy use for 14 years cost me nothing for repairs, the only expense being for oiling. The only oiling that could be raised against this mill was the expense, the number of it costing over \$100, but when I go through the country and see many of the larger modern power mills either wrecked or out of repair and compare my own experience with a new 14-foot wheel, I believe our old power mill was not at all dear. Unfortunately we lost the old power mill in a fire which destroyed our barns in 1898.—Rural New Yorker.

Feeding Ducks in Autumn.

I have not had much experience in fattening ducks, as I always sell nearly all I raise for breeding purposes, and can never raise enough to fill the orders I get. For feeding my young ducks in the fall after the corn begins to dent, I cut it from the cob with a corn knife and feed them, and they grow very fast. Old ones will get very fat on that once a day and ripe corn twice a day, with plenty of fresh water to drink and clean quarters. Either young or old ducks always want a clean, dry place for the night. Dampness is very hurtful to young ducks. Some will not believe this, as they are a water fowl, but this has always been my experience.—Mrs. J. W. Bloxham, in Farmers' Review.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for November 22, 1903—Curse of Strong Drink.

THE LESSON TEXT
(Prov. 20: 1; 29, 21, 26)

1. Who is a mocker, strong drink is ringing, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.
2. Be not among winebibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.
3. For the drunkard and the glutton will come to poverty; and drowsiness will come from wine.
4. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath continual pain? who hath baldness? who hath wounds without cause? who has redness of eyes? Those that have lost the taste of the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.
5. Look not thou then upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself upright.
6. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.
7. Those eyes shall behold strange wondrous, and thine heart shall utter perverse things.

8. Yet, then shall be as he that passeth in the midst of the sea, or as he that passeth over the top of a mountain.
9. Thus have I spoken unto you, since that I was not young, then have I learned to speak; but if not, when shall I have? I will speak, when I am again.

GOLDEN TEXT—Who is a mocker?—Prov. 20: 1.

(Prov. 20: 1.) Of course these selections from the ancient Hebrew "Wisdom literature" do not bring us new light on the temperance question. They simply show us that to the world's keenest minds there has always been light, and that from time immemorial liquor has been the curse of the human race. But the facts stated by this writer with such dramatic power are indisputable, and could not portray the situation more perfectly if they had been written in America in 1903.

The first great point in the lesson for today is not that "wine is a mocker," though it is—it mocks all high ideals and makes dupes of those who trust it for it is volatile with promises which it never pays—nor is the point for us that strong drink is a brawler, though that is true, as anyone who is familiar with the sights and sounds about the doors of a saloon knows. The first great point for us is in the words: "Whosoever drinketh thereby is not wise." As the race advances and men are controlled more by reason and less by inclination and momentary desire, the foolish things will be seen to be wicked, while the wicked things are always foolish. Drinking is wicked, because it is foolish. It is the high privilege and duty of every man to make the most of himself physically, mentally and morally. This he cannot do unless he rules out the doing of foolish things. There are a great many kinds of physical foolishness that are intemperance, just as truly as drinking is, and these should be included in the discussion of this lesson. The worst crime which a boy can commit against society and against God is that which makes him less of a man, less useful as a citizen, less true as a Christian. The reasons why the use of liquor is to say the least, not wise, are brought out as the lesson progresses.

(Ch. 23: 20, 21.) "Be not among winebibbers." Self-indulgence or the self-indulgent disposition is contagious. No man who has any regard for his manhood can afford to run unnecessary risks with this contagion. The wise man will keep out of temptation just as much as possible. "Shall come to poverty." With the wreck of his manhood goes the wreck of his fortune, so that he who sacrifices his ideals and the highest things of life for low sensual pleasures finds himself in the end without either. In choosing the lower he loses all.

(Ver. 31, 32.) "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red." In other words, do not be insane enough to drink anything just because it looks good and tastes good, and for awhile makes you feel good, when you know that it is really a poison. "At the last it biteth like a serpent." It is deadly. The man does not live who can begin taking liquor or a drug "without moderation" with safety, because the system does not exist that can resist the deteriorating effects of those things. One can never tell what the direct effect will be, but it will not be purely physical. They blemish the conscience, destroy will power and kill self-respect. The moderation theory is unsound. The only safe course is to leave them alone entirely.

(Ver. 33-35.) These closing verses picture the reeling mind and stupefied body of the drunken man. One reading of them is enough without discussion. The question is, how we can best check the evils of intemperance. The principle must be to overcome evil with good, and one of the practical methods is hinted at in this narrative of Henry van Dyke in the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class.

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SKILLFUL BURGLARS.

Aliens Display Most Ingenuity in This Calling.

English Police Are Surprised at the Ingenuity of Foreign Competitors of Bill Sikes—Former Ace Burglar.

That the many alien burglars in England display more skill and ingenuity in the pursuit of their calling than the British members of the fraternity is a fact recently acknowledged by a royal commission and generally recognized by the police. The superiority of Bill Sikes' foreign competitors is further evidenced by a burglary at Romford Common, to committing which two Russians, unable to speak English, pleaded guilty the other day.

In the possession of one prisoner, who was caught after a long and strenuous hunt engaged in by nearly a score of constables, mounted and on foot, no implement was found which is regarded by the police as "the latest thing" in burglars' tools.

At first glance it seems to be little more than a strip of highly polished steel some seven inches long, the purpose of which is not apparent. But by touching a spring a screwdriver projects from one end. Another spring releases a glaive, a third causes a sharp wedge to project, a fourth produces a "diamond" glass cutter. Then, when closed, this "mutilum in parvo" of burglary appliances is a hammer at one end and a "Jimmy" at the other. In one compact little strip of steel that can be easily carried in the pocket there are seven serviceable tools.

The police of London almost daily learn something new respecting the scientific principles upon which burglars go a-burgling. They have been known to use on different occasions the following implements and chemical preparations:

Oxy-hydrogen blowpipes, electric glow lamps (in place of dark lanterns), "thermit" for burning holes into safes, automobile furnaces charged with coke and charcoal for like purpose, mechanical "blasts," nitro-glycerin and dynamite.

Bill Sikes may be pardoned if he despairs of keeping pace with this kind of foreign competition.

TO HONOR PIGEONS OF SIEGE.

Plans to Erect Monument to Perpetuate Memories of Feathered Heroes of 1870.

Among the military and other celebrities that Paris has recently perpetuated in bronze and marble, none are more worthy of such fame than the little heroes of 1870, which are now to be honored. They are the carrier pigeons who played so important a part during the memorable siege.

Frances Sarey, Ed

Loss of Flesh

When you can't eat breakfast, take Scott's Emulsion. When you can't eat bread and butter, take Scott's Emulsion. When you have been living on a milk diet and want something a little more nourishing, take Scott's Emulsion.

To get fat you must eat fat. Scott's Emulsion is a great fattener, a great strength giver.

Those who have lost flesh want to increase all body tissues, not only fat. Scott's Emulsion increases them all, bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

For invalids, for convalescents, for consumptives, for weak children, for all who need flesh, Scott's Emulsion is a rich and comfortable food, and a natural tonic.

Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.



We will send you a free sample.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS,
409 Pearl St., N. Y.
50c. and \$1, all druggists.

IN SMALL DOSES.

News of Progress of World's Fair Work in Kentucky.

BIG APPLE AND PEAR DISPLAY

Lawn of Kentucky Building Sown in Blue Grass—Exhibits of Women's Work Arranged For—Display of Hemp Broken by Machinery—Beets Two Feet Long For the Exhibit.

—Mr. H. R. Whitesides, of Louisville, the well known produce man, has bought 10,000 barrels of apples in Henderson county—where, by the way, fruit of this kind seems to have flourished more than anywhere else in Kentucky this year—and fifty-five barrels are being culled from the entire lot for Kentucky's horticultural display at the World's Fair next year. The varieties are Ben Davis, Wine Sap, Winter Pearmain, Black Twigs and Rome Beauty. The fifty-five barrels turned over by Mr. Whitesides to the Exhibit Association have been carefully wrapped in two different papers—each apple separately, according to instructions given out by Exposition officials—and have been shipped to Louisville, to be placed in cold storage until taken to St. Louis next April.

—The Louisville Veteran Firemen's Association has unanimously voted to attend the World's Fair next year in body. It will carry along an old hand fire engine used in anti-slavery days, and in a parade on the grounds—every member being in old-fashioned fireman's uniform—will doubtless attract a great deal of attention.

Col. E. C. Culp, the Secretary of the Committee on Ceremonies for the Exposition, is arranging a "Veteran Firemen's Day," and the Louisville "ladies," all of whom are close around three score and ten in age, will go over on whatever date is selected.

—The two hundred foot lawn in front of the Kentucky State Building at the World's Fair is being sown in blue grass, so it will present an attractive appearance when the Exposition opens next April 20. This work is in charge of Mr. Henry Nanz, the Chairman of the Floricultural Committee of the Exhibit Association. In addition to sowing the lawn in blue grass, Mr. Nanz is transplanting all the beautiful shrubbery native to Kentucky. In March he will set out numerous flower beds, so the picture will become more beautiful as spring glides into summer.

—The postmaster at Woodville, in McCracken county, Mr. Wade Brown, is very enthusiastic over Kentucky's display at St. Louis next year and has collected some very fine grapes and other agricultural products. He is also gathering specimens for the Kentucky forestry exhibit at St. Louis.

—In the vegetable display to be made by Kentucky at the World's Fair there will be several beets two feet in length, grown by Mr. John Knadler of Valley Station. These have been put in dry storage and will be held there until shipped to St. Louis with the rest of Kentucky's agricultural display next spring.

—A fine collection of minerals and rocks has been gathered by Mr. W. W. Simmons in and around Nelson County for Kentucky's exhibit at the World's Fair next year.

BRIEF AND TO THE POINT

NEWS ITEMS GATHERED IN THIS AND ADJOINING STATES.

Seventh Victim of Railway Wreck at New Hope Dies—Captain Ewen Will Return to Jackson—Alleged Murderer Captured.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 13.—Two heavy freight trains, one of them a double-header, collided in a dense fog near New Hope, Ky., on the Knoxville and Nashville, killing six trainmen and injuring two, one fatally. The dead are: Martin Gravas, engineer; Martin Conner, engineer; Edward Sturges, engineer; John Reynolds, fireman; William Lyden, fireman; H. H. Leach, fireman, injured; R. E. Huine, head brakeman, will probably die; A. Winkler, brakeman. The freight trains met on a reverse curve at the top of an embankment 30 feet high. The three engines were completely demolished and nearly every car of both trains landed at the foot of the fill. Fire soon broke out, and 15 cars of merchandise and coal were destroyed. Special relief trains were sent from this city and Lebanon and the bodies of the trainmen were recovered. Huine, who was the only one of the men found alive under the wreckage, had his jaw torn off and was otherwise badly hurt.

Seventh Victim. Lebanon, Ky., Nov. 16.—Reed E. Huine, the brakeman injured in the collision on the Louisville and Nashville near New Hope, Ky., died, making the total number of dead seven.

Slashed an Actor. Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 13.—Michael McNeil, leading member of the "Miss Bob White" opera company, was severely stabbed in the face by Timothy Hickey in a saloon at Benwood. The company was on its way from Bellair and while waiting to take a train at Benwood McNeil and others entered a saloon. An argument was started by Hickey and he drew a knife and slashed McNeil under the eye. Hickey fled to Bellair, but was brought back and placed in jail. McNeil formerly resided at Lancaster, O.

Mines Again on Fire.

Dingess, W. Va., Nov. 13.—The Freeport mines, the largest in this county, are again on fire, and the officials state that no effort will be made to subdue the flames. This is the same mine that lost several hundred thousand dollars by fire a year ago, and the fire was only subdued recently. Several miners and officials had narrow escapes for their lives by entering the mine on an investigation tour.

Swept by Fire.

Danville, Ky., Nov. 17.—The town of Hustonville, near here, was almost destroyed by fire. One block was burned, entailing a loss of \$50,000. Among the buildings destroyed are the Weatherford hotel, George Myers' general store, Adams & Brothers, druggists; C. A. Wheeler, dry goods; Tore & Co., general store, and Daniel J. Adams' residence.

Even to Return.

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 16.—What is regarded by many in this vicinity as an evidence that perfect peace now reigns at Jackson, which recently underwent such a disturbance because of the feud troubles, is the fact that Captain J. B. Ewen, his wife and family will again take up their residence in that city and conduct a railroad boarding house.

Hunter's Election Disputed.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 13.—Returns from all the counties in the Eleventh congressional district, with only a few precincts missing, give Dr. Godfrey Hunter 5,022, D. G. Edwards 3,849, John D. White (Pro.) 2,064. These figures are disputed by Edwards, who claims that the official count will give him a majority of over 300.

One Day For Killing.

Huntington, W. Va., Nov. 16.—John S. Farr, on trial at Point Pleasant, W. Va., for the murder of Owen Ross in this city two years ago, was found guilty of "Involuntary manslaughter." Judge Guthrie of the circuit court fixed his sentence at one day in jail and a \$1 fine.

Colored Couple Shot.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Nov. 16.—Infuriated because his sweetheart was starting home from a colored dance, near Oak Grove, with Andrew Houston, Henry Young shot and dangerously wounded the woman and killed his rival, and then escaped.

Alleged Murderer Captured.

Middlesboro, Ky., Nov. 16.—John White, charged with the murder of Joe Lester, has been captured in Tennessee and lodged in Pineville jail.

Handles to Go Higher.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 16.—The National Association of Hickory Handle Manufacturers met here. It is understood that prices will be advanced.

Requisition Issued.

Jefferson City, Mo., Nov. 17.—Governor Dockery issued a requisition on Governor Odell of New York for the return of William Ziegler, the baking powder magnate, to Jefferson City to answer to the indictment found against him by the Cole county grand jury Saturday on the charge of attempted bribery in connection with the alum bill legislation in 1901.

Cuban Fiscal Budget.

Havana, Nov. 17.—President Palma transmitted to congress the budget for the fiscal year of 1904. The income for the fiscal year is estimated at \$18,899,600 and the expenses at \$17,924,000.

Eastern Kentucky News

No correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly.

Winter term of Berea College begins at 8 a.m. on Wednesday, Dec. 16. Berea College is providing more and better accommodations for students—new rooms for young men in Industrial Building and the Williams House, and a new dining room for 100 students at Ladies Hall. To insure the best arrangements, coming students should send one dollar to Treasurer T. J. Osborne and ask him to reserve a room.

MADISON COUNTY. BRASSFIELD.

Sentinal Parks died of consumption Tuesday of last week, and was buried Wednesday at the Parks burying ground. Funeral was conducted by Rev. T. H. Broadbush, at the home of Mr. George Parks.—James Benton, of Lexington, visited here Tuesday week.—Rev. D. C. Francis will preach here Thanksgiving, and the sermon will be followed by a festival for the benefit of the pastor. Everybody is invited.—John Scirvenner, of Beattyville, is visiting friends here.—Misses Lilly and Delia Crawford and their brother, Thomas, of Irvine, attended church here Sunday of last week.—Andrew Ellis has returned from Cincinnati.—Jared White is the champion tie maker of the community, making forty ties in two days.—Rev. Eli Yates, of Jackson, visited his family here Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.—The comfort and attractiveness of our colored public school building has been greatly increased by a coat of wall paper and a hand-some new coal stove.

MASON COUNTY. MAYSVILLE.

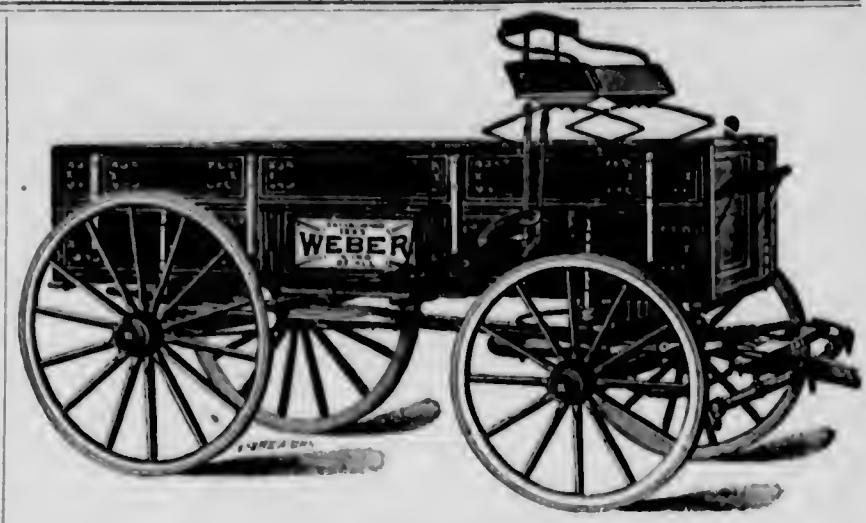
Mrs. Alice Darnell and son Cornelius left Sunday morning for Springfield, O. Mr. Darnell has been there for sometime. They will make Springfield their future home.—The many friends of Mrs. Bettie Hayes are glad to know that she has returned from Russellville, where she has been for nearly a year.—Miss Clara Talbot, who teaches at Moransburg, spent Sunday with her parents.—Miss Celia Ann Johnson, of Germantown, was in town during the past week.—Mr. Jas. Griffey left Saturday for Dayton, O.—Mrs. Mary Owens received a telegram from Carlisle, Sunday evening, bearing the sad intelligence of the death of her husband, Wesley Owens. Mr. Owens had been living in this city for several years, and had recently gone to Carlisle, his original home.—Mrs. Mary Self, who has been ill for some time, is reported to be much better.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY. DISPUTANTA.

Brita Chasteen, of Berea, was visiting friends on Clear Creek, Sunday.—Davis Norland, of Boone, Ky., has moved to Clear Creek.—Mr. Wm. Shearer, of Disputanta, and Miss Flora Abney, of Orlando, Ky., were married at the home of the bride, last week.—Wm. White, of this place, was given 90 days at the District Court in Richmond, for selling whiskey.—The news has just reached here that Bill Moss Chasteen was killed at Jellico last Friday.—R. J. Abney has rented the Rockcastle County roller mill of A. W. Stewart and will run same at its full capacity this winter.—Thos. Gadd has returned from Hamilton, O., and will live at the James Shearer farm.

OWSLEY COUNTY. GABBARD.

Four more years of "democracy" for Kentucky.—Farmers are very busy gathering their corn.—C. B. Gabbard was at Booneville, Friday, on business.—The Cox Creek voting precinct gave Belknap 171, and Beckham 21, making a majority of 147 for Belknap.—Your correspondent and C. B. Gabbard each killed a wild turkey last Saturday evening. There were six or seven in the flock.—Miss Lucy Reynolds, of Cow Creek, visited relatives here last week.—Miss Jane Moore, of Island Creek, visited friends and relatives here Saturday and Sunday.—Hayden Reynolds, of Cow Creek, was here Wednesday night. He went on to Oneida, Clay county, on legal business.—The schools are getting on right well in spite of the bad school houses. It is hoped that there will be new houses next year.—William Duff is making up his cane this week. He has had it shocked for a month.—The stove mill on Cow Creek is again in



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Because you never saw one broken down.

Because they are all good ones.

Because they cost less than others.

BECAUSE! BECAUSE! BECAUSE! ETC! ETC!

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See our BARGAINS IN BUGGIES:

BICKNELL & EARLY.

Berea, Ky.

Well-selected stock of

J. J. Brannaman

Groceries, Dry Goods and Notions,
Men's and Women's Shoes and Rubbers.
Prices right. Agent for Naven Laundry.

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Corn Cobs, Coal, Wood or Trash will keep a good fire all night in
COLE'S ORIGINAL HOT BLAST STOVES



The Hot Blast from Chicago.

(With Apologies to the Old Broken Coal Bracket.)
How dear to my heart are some scenes of my childhood.
Which sad recollection presents to my view?
How we all used to freeze around that old brick stove.
And shivered in fear that flew up the flue.
"It dispensed with vast heat," we'd remark with a shiver.
The light was cold, though the outside was well.
It drove us from the Hot Blast from Chicago.
Which brought the warm wave we are happy to tell.
The modern Hot Blast, the gay Hot Blast,
The Hot Blast from Chicago we all prize so well.

This is because they are air-tight and guaranteed to stay so as long as used. If you want to control the fire in a stove you must control the air supply. No other stove manufacturer can be guaranteed to stay air-tight.

It is the air-tight feature and the all-steel radiating surface which make this stove the most economical and most powerful heater with all kinds of fuel.

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Instantly Relieved, Quickly Cured
By the use of
Paracamph
A Soothing, Cooling, Healing Remedy
Reduces the Swelling, Removes all Soreness, Stops the Burning, Draws out Fever and Inflammation, Prevents Bad Odor, Stimulates the Circulation, Keeps the Feet Warm and Comfortable.

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Conductors, Clerks,

and all those who are on their feet a great deal should always keep a bottle of PARACAMPH in their homes for use at night.

Gives instant relief to corns, bunions and frost bites.

We guarantee every bottle to do

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